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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Lost Occasion

Farewell, fair day and fading light!
The clay-born here, with westward sight
Marks the huge sun now downward soar.
Farewell. We twain shall meet no more.

Farewell. I watch with bursting sigh
My late contemned occasion die.
I linger useless in my tent:
Farewell, fair day, so foully spent!

Farewell, fair day. If any God
At all consider this poor clod,
He who the fair occasion sent
Prepared and placed the impediment.

Let him diviner vengeance take—
Give me to sleep, give me to wake
Girded and shod, and bid me play
The hero in the coming day!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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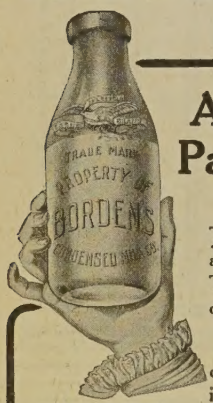

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910. NUMBER 3.

Religion long ago taught that only as the individual can establish a sense of union with a power for righteousness not himself, can he experience peace; and it may be possible that the nation will be called to a similar experience.

—*Jane Addams.*

The insistent demand, by many sons and daughters of Erin, for a glimpse of the shamrock bearing sod recently received from Ireland, represents at once a beautiful emphasis on the dominance of the heart in human life, and an abiding sense of the dependence of humanity on the "soil." The day draws nigh when the tides, from both old world and new, will be turned back from the crowded cities to the sweetness and beauty of "God's great out-of-doors."

It has become increasingly manifest that the Ballinger-Pinchot dispute is no mere difference of opinion as to methods and plans, but is a real battle to the death in which the administration has everything to lose and nothing to gain. It would not be altogether surprising if Mr. Ballinger were forced out of the cabinet; in fact it would be fortunate for the president if he could try again in selecting more than one of his advisers.

There seems good reason for believing the anti-saloon fight this spring will prove a great moral achievement, a "defeat" that will hearten all the forces of good government; but the full recognition of this aspect of the matter makes manifest the great need of a more general response to the appeal for men and especially money to help carry on the campaign. Ten thousand dollars put in the hands of the committees carrying forward this important work, to be used in perfectly legitimate and wise ways, would accomplish unimagined and lasting good.

Out of all the theories concerning God, Man, Deity and Destiny, we should choose those which are the most inclusive, the most hopeful; those that inspire the greatest earnestness, command the profoundest enthusiasm, lift us into the most solemn responsibilities, and touch us with the most far-reaching, in-reaching, and down-reaching sympathies with all sorts and conditions of men, with all forms of life, and all the visitations of beauty and harmony. On the mount of transfiguration is revealment and sincerity. And Loyalty is this mountain; it is Sinai and Olivet in one. Law-giver, truth-teller, and peace-maker meet on this table-land of the soul. Moses, Elias and the Christ await us on the mount whose name in Loyalty.

We print in this issue the first of a series of three letters addressed "To the Friends of Sobriety" by the Senior Editor, as follows: I. To Saloon Keepers, II. To Working Men, III. To Women. In assuming the first person singular the writer disclaims any intention of speaking for anyone but himself, realizing that he is speaking to many who seriously differ from him as to the question at issue, while they as seriously agree with him in the purposes aimed at. If in this fight against inebriety the line could be drawn between the vicious and the virtuous, the temperate and the intemperate, the result would be promptly achieved, but, unfortunately, the issue is as yet confused and we find many friends of sobriety and believers in a clean city standing in the campaign, now so vigorously carried on in Chicago, shoulder to shoulder with those whose business interests as well as their ethical standards are in league with debauchery of every kind, whose business is law-breaking and law-defying.

Two statements are passing the rounds of the daily press, called forth by the Philadelphia Strike, which need some correction. One is this: A sympathetic strike is practically war against the community and therefore wholly unjustifiable. True in a way. But we must not forget that great Traction Companies are often engaged all the time in a war against the community! And if the community is so indifferent that it allows Corporate Wealth to carry on such warfare against the public welfare from year to year unchecked, we need not shed many tears when that criminally negligent community is put to inconvenience! If it would stop the war waged by Wealth, the poor strikers would have little cause to inconvenience the public in order to protect their rights. The other statement needing correction is this: Strikers must be made to see that the general public has sacred rights that must not be violated. But these things exist because the general public has ignored its *obligations*! The people of Philadelphia ought to suffer. They have been too long "corrupt and contented." It is no time to bluster about *public rights*. If the public had been attending to its civic duties, these evils would never have arisen.

To the Saloon Keepers of Chicago

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

Such we certainly are, or ought to be, for deep below our contentions our interests are one. We all want to conserve the home, honor our city and serve our country. We have a common interest in our wives and our children and a common desire to provide for them in honorable ways and to earn for ourselves an honest living.

Let me hasten to assure you that I am interested in an anti-saloon movement and not in an anti-saloon keepers' movement. As a friend, then I beg you to consider with me the changing times, the trend of thought shaped by the growing science and enlarging experiences of our day. Things are not as they used to be. The conditions of the Old World, from which many of us came, cannot be reproduced here. The American saloon is not identical with the beer gardens and wine rooms of Europe and cannot be made so. Recent actions taken by your own representatives in many cities show that there are many things connected with your business tending towards the disagreeable, the illegal, the indecent and the immoral, and that you are trying to lift the business into respectability and law-abiding conditions. No one can know as well as yourselves that your customers often over-drink and that you are compelled to witness boisterous brawls and listen to coarse, profane, violent speech. You know that a great deal too much liquor is drunk by your own customers. You know how your business often comes in competition with that of the butcher, the grocer and the baker, whose business it is to supply the more essential needs of the family. You know, better than anybody else, that much money passes over your counter which is needed by the families of your customers for shoes, bread, clothing and fuel. You must know also that the verdict of the medical profession in all lines is clearly in the direction of more abstinence from malt and spirituous liquors; that the overwhelming testimony of physicians is that alcohol is a poison, that its presence in the body acts as such, and that, except under conditions which they alone are competent to determine, its presence in the body is a menace to health.

I further beg of you to note that the growth of the "Dry Territory" in all parts of our country is not the result of the efforts of fanatical agitators, of extreme moralists and narrow fanatics, but of the growing sense and prudence of business men, industrial corporations, railroad managements, etc., etc. It is the economic argument that prevails. Cities, large and small, are finding that business is not injured by the abolition of the saloon, but that the cost of the police courts, jails, and all departments that seek to enforce the law and protect property is greatly reduced. You know that already the liquor business is in a bad way, that it is harder and harder to make a saloon pay. Your representatives have often urged that under the existing conditions of city regulations and state law, the saloon-keeper finds it harder and harder to make a living, and it requires only cool, impartial business judgment on your part to see that these restrictions are to grow more exacting and not less. Whatever may be the result of the vote at the next election, the educational campaign that leads up to it will make the lot of the saloonkeeper in Chicago immensely harder; it will be more and more difficult for you to make it a business that will be pronounced legitimate by law and that will be considered respectable by right-minded people in all walks of life. A business from which your own sense of fitness as well as the city ordinance excludes respectable women and innocent children, your own included, a business so directly allied with the degradations of the brothel, with gambling and corruption, with grafters and politicians, is a business in which a self-respecting man who wants his wife and children to grow up without shame, cannot choose long to remain. With the temperance agitators trusting more and more to economical, scientific and social principles against you on the one hand, and the mighty combination of capital, the bloodless trusts represented by the brewer and distiller on the other, your lot is a hard one. Why not plan to get out of the business before it gets worse?

I do not forget that many of you believe that your business can be made honorable. We do not forget the innocent social elements that enter into the saloon. We know that these ought to be perpetuated in some better way. Your training and experiences qualify you to find a better way. Help us to experiment in this direction. One coffee and buttermilk saloon in Chicago would be a joke; ten such would probably soon die for want of support; but a hundred such would begin to make money, and a thousand such, conducted by expert saloonkeepers, with innocent accessories, without the dangerous tippling and treating habit, would surprise our civilization, solve many perplexing problems, bring light and joy into thousands of homes, prosper business, and bring increasing self-respect to the thousand saloonkeepers engaged in this enterprise. Is it possible to preserve the good elements of the saloon after the treating habit that leads to drunkenness is abolished? We are up to this experiment. Will you help us?

In conclusion we ask you to remember that this is not a prohibition campaign, or even a total abstinence campaign. Those who still think that alcoholic drinks are necessary to their health or their pleasure might still seek them as they seek their milk, their cheese and their bread, in packages, not to be eaten and drunken on the premises. It is the retail places where liquor is sold by the drinks and its use is stimulated by the

vicious treating habit of the American saloon,—places where drunkards congregate and where drunkards are made, places from which your wives and children are excluded,—that are condemned by the American public, not alone by American fanatics. Liberty is not lawlessness, and the most rampant "personal liberty" man will admit that his liberty ends where the liberty of the other party begins. All government is a surrender of personal liberties for the sake of the larger liberties which come only in law-abiding and law-enforcing governments, made possible by order.

Will you think of these things calmly in the quiet hours of the night? Will you talk these matters over frankly with your wives and children and your self-respecting, self-controlling patrons? Is it not possible for us in some way to talk over these things without the bitterness and extravagance of public debate?

The American platform is unfortunately given to extravagant statements, oftentimes to bitter denunciation and unkind insinuations; doubtless there will be much sinning on both sides during the campaign now on. Let us forget and forgive in this direction and try to remember that honest and earnest men on both sides are trying to spell out a difficult problem, to find the better way. Let us remember that,

> "New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.
> They must ever up and onward
> Who would keep abreast of Truth."

Fraternally yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Editorial Correspondence

The annual "March escape" carries the "Senior Editor" this year to Arkansas. My first stop was at Hot Springs, the great sanitarium which the foresight of the United States has rescued from the grasp of greedy individuals and irresponsible corporations. The "Reservation" of a thousand acres or so, under the energetic administration of Harry Myers, the government superintendent, is assuming all the attractions of a well ordered park, with its mountain roads, lookouts, settees, and drinking fountains where the water, hot out of the heart of nature, is offered free to the thousands of cripples of one kind or another who come here from all parts of the country. Most of them in due time leave behind them their groans, crutches and bandages. Six hundred or more bath-tubs are supplied with this hot water by the government at the flat rate of $60 per tub per annum. The regulation of the government seems admirable. Fake doctors and noisy runners with their unscrupulous drugs are effectually barred out. The price of service as well as the quality is strictly supervised. The free baths that are available to the veriest tramp are administered with the same regard to sanitary conditions and hygienic considerations as those of the millionaire.

What mysterious curative power this boiling water possesses may be hard to determine, and the unenlightened skeptic may question the existence of any occult potency. But there is certainly no doubt that the regimen entire, including the release from care, the regular hours, and systematic obedience to the intelligent directions of experienced physicians, taken all together produces wonders. This, in connection with the benign climate, has made of Hot Springs a great winter resort, a little city of magnificent hotels, with all the attractions of sumptuous accommodations, elegant saddle horses, convenient carriages, and the devices that enable indolent wealth to kill time pleasantly.

Alongside of this attractive story of the sanitary beneficence of Hot Springs, so well administered by the government, stands the humiliating story of fashionable debauchery in that portion of the city that lies outside of the government lines. "Bath House Row" is fronted by the disgraceful array of the sumptuous "Clubs," "New Southern," "the Ohio," "the New York," "the Arkansas," "the Texas," and others, where gambling is lifted as near into respectability as possible. This wide open town is justified and encouraged by the local authorities on the score that the wealthy men (and women) must have their pastime and the city must be made prosperous. This disgraceful abuse of a great natural resource cannot be abated until from the joint corporation of the state and nation the whole territory covered by the city be made a part of the "reservation." Then, under the control of the nation, this beautiful glen of the Ozark mountains will become a "Spotless Town" where morals will be purified as well as bodies, at least where the social conditions will be as wholesome as the physical conditions are now rendered sanitary.

The three lectures booked for the Jewish Temple at Hot Springs grew into six, including a Friday night preachment at the Synagogue, a Saturday morning talk to the children, and an address to the high school of which the city is justly proud. The next "escape" was to Little Rock, the capital city. There was a Friday night sermon, a Saturday morning talk in the Temple, and the story of the Parliament of Religions was told on Sunday evening in the Universalist chapel, where a brave little band is holding up the banner of free thought and rational religion under the leadership of the Rev. William Cunningham, a reader of UNITY. Rabbi Witte of the Synagogue was not only a genial host in his own right but he has an added credential in the fact that he is one of the "Gannett boys" who received encouragement, instruction and inspiration in the "Boys' Evening Home" sustained by the Unitarian Church of Rochester, New York.

The next stop was at Pine Bluff. Rabbi Frisch, of this town, is the efficient manager of this editorial itinerary. He had booked two lectures in the temple, but in addition to these there was a talk to the Jewish Chautauqua on the Jew poems of Robert Browning, another talk to the high school boys and girls, and a memorable visit to the Arkansas colored normal school. Here I found unexpected evidence that the southern states are becoming more and more alive to their obligations to the colored race and that their provisions in this direction are not unworthily bestowed. Isaac Fisher, the principal of the school, is one of the Tuskegee boys, and intelligent citizens of Pine Bluff do not hesitate to affirm that in him Mr. Booker T. Washington has not only a worthy pupil but an honorable rival. The horse-back ride was suddenly interrupted when we found ourselves in the neighborhood of this institute. We found the school at prayers, and when the man from the North was discovered, he was carried to the platform. The Rabbi talked, and the Editor's speech was conditioned on an exchange of commodities. The three hundred and fifty young men and women sang the old plantation songs with trained voices, and the melody modified the laws of harmony. Mr. Fisher is his own choir leader, band-master, and, on occasion, the splendid orator for his school, his race and his city. He is still a young man, and his story is not completed. He is to be watched, as one of whom the nation may some day be proud, as Pine Bluff and Arkansas are now. "Mr. Fisher is a colored man that I am always glad to shake hands with!" was the confession of an ex-confederate soldier on the train, a confession which was offered as evidence of the ameliorating tendency in the South towards the race problem. The condescension in this speech was misplaced, for the honor came from the other side. The well trained, well clothed, well mannered boys and girls under Mr. Fisher's guidance will merit something more than respectable handshaking of the patriotic citizens of Arkansas in the future.

Two hours' ride from Pine Bluff and we reach Camden, a little city of four thousand, where we found what the chairman called "a representative audience, which included a large part of the beauty and intelligence of Camden." Rabbi Rosenstein is an old neighbor from Milwaukee. His geniality and open spirit brought together with one exception all the pastors of the city, and the "Home-Making" talk of the Editor of UNITY found an exemplification as well as an endorsement in this larger family circle of the city.

And now I am in Shreveport, a place which heretofore has been shrouded in my memory with gruesome tales of a military campaign fruitless to both sides, and awful yellow fever depredations, but the town is now blooming with prosperity, in its right mind, and full of hope. Our whilom Chicago neighbor, Rabbi Jacobson, is to have a labor of love at the Temple this Friday night from the Chicago Editor, and his children at the Saturday morning service are to have a talk from the same source, then on to Alexandria and from there to the Stetson University in Florida, where the Editor is booked for six lectures on some "Prophets of Modern Literature." And by Good Friday I plan to be back at the Abraham Lincoln Centre to resume the editorial responsibility of UNITY which during this March play-time is left to the tender mercies of my colleagues, to the profit and delight of its readers.

Shreveport, La., March 11, 1910. J. LL. J.

THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

A LOVER'S ENVY

I envy every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventime,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires:
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.

—*Henry Van Dyke in the Century.*

SHE FELL ASLEEP

She fell asleep as softly as a light
Steadies itself within a breezeless hall;
And like a candle she was, gold and white,
Silent against the Dark's wide-spreading pall,
Thus making holy the dim bier of Night
By her slim presence burning bright and small.

—*Hyacinth Stoddart Smith.*

THE PULPIT

Optimism

SUNDAY MORNING SERMON AT THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, BY JOSEPH NEWTON

"Be ready always to give a reason for the hope that is within you.—First Peter III:15.

Hope is native to the soul. It "springs eternal in the human breast," and is born of the least things—a word, a glance, a touch, will call it into being. It has long been said that it lasts while life lasts—which saying has become a proverb. If a man loses hope the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, and the sun and stars are darkened. Truly says the apostle, we are saved by hope, for, lacking it, we die.

Our mortal life is one long fugue on the theme of hope, often marred by discords, often modulating into strange keys, often torn by mutinous and inexplicable phrases, and sometimes faltering to a whisper, but always somehow braced and held to the theme. The human mind—glad and grateful in the presence of so much good, but not blind to the fact of much evil—has at no time proved that everything will finish well. Pathos is steadily present, and even when the trumpets are loudest the low sob of the organ is heard, in its solemn undertone of lament. Nevertheless, man hopes for the ultimate triumph of good.

No one needs to be told that this eternal hope of men has had its critics and deniers. There have always been men who held that our native optimism casts a glamour over life, and that we see it for more than it is; while we, in turn, are certain that these sons of gloom see things less than they are. Hence in all ages, there have been pessimists with their aches and pains, and optimists with their liniments and lotions. Something like a duel of wits and words has been going on between them, and so it will doubtless be until the end. Each thinks the other blind, or else so full of vanity as to permit his joy or woe to impart its color to his view of life. And in this matter there is much truth on both sides.

Every man knows that there is a dark side of life, that it is not all shining and brilliant, not all fair and attractive. The man who says that life has no nether side, no tragedy that is played without an interval between the acts, no pathos that wrings the heart, is not an optimist—he is an idiot or a blind man. All agree that life is like a piece of embroidery; however beautiful the pattern may be on its upper side, when it is reversed it shows many stitches seemingly awry. But it must have been easy for Aristotle, who had Plato for a teacher and Alexander for a pupil, who lived in a happy home in the golden age of Greece, himself a genius of the first order—it must have been easy for him to feel that life is good. So also Robert Browning, who had health, genius, and the love of a woman who was, at the lowest estimate, half song-bird and half angel. No wonder he could say that

> "God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world."

In the same way one may find in the personal history of Schopenhauer, the exponent of pessimism at its brilliant worst—not only in his hyper-sensitiveness, but in the fact that he missed the high prize at which he aimed—a key to his grim and bitter despair. Even "The City of the Dreadful Night," by far the most melodious of all poems of despair, would be more convincing if we could forget the quantity, to say nothing of the quality, of Scotch whiskey that went into the making of it. Old Dean Swift, the pessimist preacher—if you can imagine such a melancholy thing—had other reasons for his gloom besides the dark sediment of bitter irony which during the years had settled in his heart. It is so with most men, strive they never so hard to hide the fact—one can nearly always find the roots of their philosophy in the story of their lives.

But it is not always so, as the death of George Meredith reminds us. Radiantly happy, he was a man who had many reasons for gloom, just as his friend Thomas Hardy—the last remaining master of a great era—is a man who lives in a dun-colored world, apparently without cause. To Hardy, as to the girl Tess in his great novel, our world is like a blighted, worm-eaten apple. Some one has said that his stories always have a moral; and the moral is that morality has an uncommonly bad chance of it. God seems to be the villain of his fiction, and the villain behaves very badly, considering that he does not exist. As Hardy sees it, Nature is fate-obsessed, if not malicious, and always crushes man just as he is about to grasp his goal. And as for his women, it seems to be the trick of nature to betray them and to break to pieces their brief joys and brittle ideals. It is not so with Meredith. To him nature comes as a tidal wave, continually refreshing and recreating us, without which our lives would stagnate into hypocrisy or morbidity; and her special joy is to enter at the right time and save his heroines.

My theme today is an inquiry into the validity of the optimism which Browning, Meredith and Watts-Dunton defend and set to music. The death of Meredith has reopened the debate, and it is worth while to learn how much, if anything, has been settled of late years. Let us recall that, up to the middle of the last century man felt that he had Nature on his side in the war against evil. He might sin, but the flowers were innocent and the hills were strong. His life was cast in a world where every prospect pleased, and only man was vile. But with the advent of Darwin all was changed, as though the ancient hypocrisy of nature had been found out and her sordid brutality unveiled. She was seen to be a house divided against itself and at war—cruel, savage war in which there was no quarter. Consternation reigned. Even the music of Lord Tennyson dropped to a lower octave as

> "Nature, red in tooth and claw
> With ravin shrieked against the creed,"

that is to say, against the creed of optimism. It is to the credit of the human soul that it did not faint in that hour. Huxley held that even though Nature had deserted to the Devil, man must fight for his ideal, alone if need be, and thereby show himself nobler than nature. But there were not many to share his audacious valor.

Yet Meredith, in the glory of his powers, saw all this, heard it all, but did not lose faith or hope. And it was in those very years that Watts-Dunton wrote his story of "The Coming of Love," his thesis being

that the order of Nature, despite appearances, is not only lucid and wise, but good and kind. He was a man of science before he was a poet, and in 1878 we find him writing these words with a touch of that grace of humor without which it must be hard for a man to be saved, much less to come to a calm and sane view of life:

"If science should really rob nature lovers of their faith in the beauty and love at the heart of nature, she would rob them of all—they have nothing else to lose. Happily, nothing in science is permanent save mathematics. Erasmus Darwin, following the science of his day, wrote a long poem on 'The Loves of the Plants,' by no means a foolish poem, though it gave rise to a parody entitled 'The Loves of the Triangles,' and his son afterwards discovered that the plants do not love each other at all, but, on the contrary, hate each other furiously, and struggle and survive against each other—just as though they were good men and Christians. But if a poet were now to set about writing a poem on 'The Hates of Plants,' nothing is more likely than that, before he could finish it, another Darwin will have discovered that the plants do love after all. Already there are signs that men of science are beginning to find that neither we nor the plants hate each other as much as they thought."

And Time, the great comedian, fulfilled this humorous prophecy abundantly in due course of years. Gone are the days—so far gone that we can hardly imagine them—when men bemoaned the savagery of Nature, and felt that they were doomed "to wander in polluted fields and lift up their eyes to abominable hills." No one now feels that he must arm himself against the cruelty of the flowers and the crimes of the grass. Blessed be the Comic Spirit which delivers us from such phantoms. So it will be with the new objections urged against optimism in our day. In due time they, too, will pass away, as clouds are driven from the sky by clear winds. But other clouds will come in their turn as each age seeks to give a reason for the unconquerable hopefulness of the soul of man.

It is now said that the mere fact that man has in the past evolved from lower types, by means of struggle and the survival of the fit, affords no hope that within the arena of social life, where the struggle has ceased to act as a selecting agency, any upward march will take place. That is to say, the spring of progress has been broken by man himself, and there is no known power to take its place. Under the influence of Christ, man, instead of seeking to save the fit, is trying to fit all to survive. It was Nietzsche who in recent years, at the cost of his reason, taught this dogma. He feared that "the peril of pity and the weakness of sympathy" would so increase the chances of the survival of the unfit, as to level the race down and produce stagnation. But the Comic Spirit, always alert, unerringly detects the vast and brutal egotism implied in this talk about the unfit—which, for aught we know, may include our own precious and delightful selves. Nor can the men of our day fail to see the atheism lurking in the idea that pity is a peril and that love is an enemy of the race.

Another blow to hope is said to be the fact that in our day we are no longer entitled to believe that the qualities laboriously acquired by us during our lives will be transmitted to our offspring. The bulk of authority, we are told, tends to show that the good we acquire is "interred with our bones." But, even if we knew enough of the mystery of heredity to affirm this, by the same law it would apply with equal force to evil qualities. Hence a permanent stagnation now and always. It may be true, as Oliver Holmes said, that to make a gentleman we must begin a hundred years before his birth, but he is at last made. Qualities repeatedly acquired tend to become native, and are added to the hard-won treasures of the race. Even without religious faith optimism is not altogether a superstition, and with that faith it is at once rational and triumphant.

My own reasons for hope, aside from faith in God, are three, and to me they are ample. Optimism is in harmony with the rational sanity and strength of life, against which no dogma may ever hope to prosper. Be it said to the glory of Thomas Hardy that he is so great an artist that his characters get away from him, hold their own faiths and live their own lives. So Tess, in the hour of her trial, revealed a splendor of soul which gave the lie to the idea that this world is a blighted, worm-eaten orb. No character in the stories of Hardy really believed the philosophy of their creator, unless it was that strange boy, called "Father Time," in the story of "Jude the Obscure." And he hung himself—which was the logical thing to do. Thus the artist-soul in Hardy made its own answer to his pessimism. It is always so when the native health of life has its way. Hartman was a pessimist, but he was illogical in that he married and became the father of happy children. Such a man has no right to be happy, or else he has no right to his philosophy. But the glorious optimism of love was too much for the false logic of despair. So it was with Dean Swift. He wrote the tale of Gulliver's Travels to vex the world, and his fellow men have strained the bitterness out of it and now use it to amuse children. Thus does the Comic Spirit treat with gleeful irony the teachers of despair.

History, once held to be the friend of pessimism, has walked over to the side of optimism. Having revised her record, she bids us hope with an exceeding great hope. If the race has come so far, if it has climbed out of so deep an abyss, as its annals report, we have every reason to expect that it will double its pace in the future. It is no longer possible for Voltaire to array facts and portray the optimist as the chief among fools; the facts no longer obey his wand. No one now finds it hard to show that socially, morally, politically and religiously, today is better than yesterday—hence the hope that tomorrow will be better than today. One has only to read, for instance, "The History of Illinois," written by Governor Ford in 1852, to see how far and in what ways our people have advanced since that time.

My final reason is that optimism is the attitude which the human soul, in its highest and noblest hours, always assumes. Had Jesus lost heart, had Lincoln given way to despair, pessimism might appear valid. But the great sacrificial souls of the race have been its greatest optimists, hearing always in the hour of seeming defeat the shouts of victory. Hence the serenity of Jesus and the fear of Pilate, the joy of Paul and the misery of Nero, the valor of the Baptist and the forebodings of Herod, as though to show us that God reverses the verdicts of men and reduces the triumphs of evil to ashes. One thing man, in his

sanity, dare not think—that the low, the base, and the selfish have read the meaning of life aright, and that the lofty, the pure, and the noble have read it amiss. This, even in the folly which is our only wisdom, we cannot think; that way madness lies. Here in the deep soul of man, in the history of moral heroism, in the lives that are most Godlike, we come upon the secret springs of the great tradition of hope.

Goodness and beauty are here in the earth, which is wondrously fair. They are here in these human hearts. We feel them as power; we know them as love. Some beauty-loving hand is still at its task. Its touch upon our souls makes us artists, and we dream. We long to make that dream come true in some attainment of character, in some constant beauty of life. And that dream will come true. A day will come when the beings now latent in our thoughts shall stand on this earth, and shall reach out their hands starward. And it may be that our little ones who play at our feet will behold, in the robe of reality, some of the beauty of the dreams we all have dreamed.

A Square Issue Squarely Met

SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. E. A. COIL, PASTOR OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, MARIETTA, OHIO, DECEMBER 12, 1909.

Text: "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."—Gal. II:11.

The incident suggested by this text has been characterized as "the moral Thermopylae of the Gospel." It indicates a very critical moment in the history of the new religion. The questions whether or not Christianity was to be a religion of the spirit, putting emphasis upon holiness of life, rather than upon dogma and ceremony, recognizing and fellowshipping good people everywhere, or whether it was to be a slightly modified Judaism, were up and had to be answered. According to Paul, when he and Peter met at Antioch a heated discussion took place between them. Paul withstood Peter to the face, because, as he believed, he merited blame. In Paul's judgment, Peter was temporizing out of deference to certain Judaizing teachers and influences. He withdrew himself from the Gentiles with whom he had eaten, and seemed disposed to cast in his lot with those who were contending for a ceremonial religion and who insisted upon conformity to certain ceremonial requirements as essential. The issue was clearly drawn. On the outcome of the controversy hung the whole question of whether forms and ceremonies were to be given first consideration in the new church or whether the spirit and life of its members were to be looked upon as of primary importance. "The contest in Galatia," says Dr. John W. Chadwick, "was apparently a very narrow one. It was narrowed down to a denial of Paul's apostleship" by those often spoken of as the Jerusalem apostles, "and to the demand for circumcision as a necessary part of Christianity. To be a Christian, the Gentile, according to the Jerusalem apostles, must first become a Jew." The Galatians, having been a good deal influenced by those who seemed to be trying to make of Christianity a ritualistic religion patterned in many respects after ancient Judaism, were turning back from the higher spiritual standards which Paul had set before them and which, for a time, constituted a source of much enthusiasm among them. Their disposition to lapse back into the old forms was a source of anxiety and sorrow to Paul. Listen to his earnest words addressed to them: "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you? This only would I learn of you, received ye the spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith? Are ye so foolish? Having begun in the spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh? Have ye suffered so many things in vain? if it be yet in vain?"

Do you not see the situation? A people halting between spiritual freedom and ecclesiastical bondage, and Paul, with all the earnestness of his intense nature, pleading with them to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and not to be entangled again with the yoke of bondage that had proved intolerable to so many people! Paul saw that compromise was out of the question, that the new religion had to be one thing or the other, a religion in which the letter would be supreme, or one in which the spirit and holiness of life would be insisted upon as of primary importance and recognized wherever found.

The battle Paul was fighting was, in a sense, the battle of the ages. As far as religious life is concerned, legalism on the one hand and spiritual freedom on the other have ever been offered to the people. Whether they have accepted bondage to the letter or freedom in the spirit has always been determined by their faith in or lack of faith in their own God-given powers to study the facts presented and of themselves judge what is right.

Although Paul seems to have had the better of the argument with Peter, and remained, for a good while, the master mind in Christendom, Christianity, as the years passed, gradually took on the form of an authoritative religion, in which the spirit was subordinated to the letter. The Church at Rome, because of its position and influence, no doubt, gradually became mandatory, and the result was that in time she was not only dictating forms of faith and practice to individuals, but was also making and unmaking kings. Her power throughout Christendom, in both the temporal and the spiritual realm, was well nigh supreme. She was the self-appointed court of final appeal, not only in questions relating to faith and morals, but in pretty much everything else. So powerful was she in political affairs that when the Emperor, Henry IV, set one of the decrees of Pope Gregory VII at defiance he was subjected to the deepest humiliation ever brooked by any great monarch of Europe. Having gone to Canossa, where the Pope resided, to seek his pardon, that most potent temporal sovereign of Europe, Henry IV, was compelled, in the month of January, to stand barefoot and thinly clad for three days in an outer court of the castle before he was received and absolved and the papal interdict removed.

But the great power of the church was so exercised as finally to call forth a vigorous and effective protest. Protestant Christendom is the result. For a long time the church had been the court of final appeal, and very naturally the question arose, What shall constitute the final authority among those who have cut loose from the Church? There was another square issue that had

to be met. It was then that the Bible was declared infallible and, as a final authority, it was given the place in the Protestant world which the Church occupied in the Catholic. All questions of doubt and disputation were supposed to be settled by the letter of the Book, as read under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Those claiming thus to read the Bible agreed with the Catholic Church that Christianity is a unique religion, and that it offers the only way given under heaven or among men whereby humanity can be saved. Though divided up into many sects, there was, until recent times, practical agreement among Protestant people upon this point. But now critical scholarship is overthrowing the Bible as an infallible and final court of appeal, and the tendency is more and more to refer questions relating to faith and morals back to the individual reason and conscience. A comparative study of religions is also bringing out the fact that the religions of the world have many things in common, and some are therefore insisting that Christianity will be forced to take its place beside other great and noble religions of the world and be recognized as one of them, there to stand, not upon its supposed uniqueness and singularity, but upon its real merits. That is the great issue before Christendom just now. Upon its settlement hinge the relations that will be established between Christian people and the great majority of the human race which lies outside the confines of Christendom. It has been well and truly said: "A popular doctrine among many Christians contains the assumption that only through worship of and communion with the Lord Jesus Christ can man have any full access to the Divine Fatherhood. Some Christians are beginning to see that this statement is both uncharitable and irrational. In the first place it is uncharitable because it amounts to a denial of that saintship and holy aspiration which, for instance, have been characteristic attributes of some modern Hebrews of the better class. In the next place it is irrational because the only logical conclusion is that the men who wrote the Prayer of Solomon, the Twenty-third Psalm, and the fortieth chapter of Isaiah had no genuine inspiration nor any real access to the Father whom they worshipped. The fiction that they sought the Father through Jesus by anticipation is now seldom repeated."

It is the old issue of Galatia somewhat modified as to details that confronts us. Will we or will we not recognize, commend and fellowship saintly life, no matter where found or by what name it is known? Will we teach our children that goodness is goodness, that justice is justice, that truth is truth, that love is love, no matter where they appear, mayhap in the life of a Confucian, a Brahmin, a Buddhist, a Jew or a Christian? No religion in this world can justly claim to have a monopoly of noble sentiments and noble life. They are to be found in all religions, and should be recognized, fellowshipped and encouraged no matter where they appear. An editorial writer speaking upon this subject said recently: "We are the slaves of habit and have come to regard some of the most artificial distinctions of society as laws of nature or necessary limits of civilization. Most of them come out of the assumption of and consent to religious authority. Let any one who will, test this statement by attempting to work for the common good in the city of New York, and instantly he will run against Jewish limitations which have their origin in Exodus and Deuteronomy, or similar obstructions when he would deal with the social conditions of the Latin races, or, still more effective, the barriers erected by the Greek Church and a religion of which he may know almost nothing."

Now if only those people could all be gotten to see that purity of heart and noble life consecrated to God and the loving service of humanity, are more important than the letter of Exodus or Deuteronomy or the ceremonies of any particular church or religion in all the world, those limitations and barriers would quickly be overcome. Men would then discern the great and inspiring truth that they are brethren because they are the children of God. Judging by the experiences of the past, it seems a reasonable conclusion that those limitations and barriers can be overcome in no other way. It seems clear therefore that upon the settlement of the issue now before us hinges the question of whether we are to have a united, peaceful, and mutually respecting and helpful, or a divided and ever contentious humanity.

Now have we the courage, if need be, to withstand to the face, as Paul did Peter, any who contend for a narrow and exclusive religion? That is the immediate question for us to decide. We have a great opportunity; but its complete improvement means sacrifice. We cannot improve it and at the same time sail along on flowery beds of ease. When you say that "Blessed are the pure in heart" does not apply to Christians alone, but to the pure in heart in all ages and climes, you will arouse opposition on the part of those who still contend for a unique religion specially revealed to a favored few, that favored few always being themselves. Oh, the self-conceit that underlies the dogma of an unique and essential religion revealed to a specially favored people but withheld from the rest of the world! That dogma is not consistent with a normal Fatherhood as we understand it; but assured of their own superiority, those accepting the dogma seem to find it impossible to believe that God loves the rest of the world as well as he loves them. In spite, however, of such dogmas, the recognition of the fact that it is upon the pure in heart the blessings of heaven rest, is spreading, and the unification of humanity is coming to be a glorious prospect. It is not the Jew nor the Gentile, the Catholic nor the Protestant, the Brahmin nor the Buddhist as such, but "the pure in heart" that the beatiude declares "blessed." There is suggested in that fact a great principle to champion, and to teach to our children. It is worthy of all the sacrifice we can possibly make in its behalf. Do you not see the great issue and the grand opportunity? And seeing them, is not the burning question even now in your hearts and upon your lips: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do" to further the cause of a practical universal brotherhood, on the basis of recognizing and fellowshipping the pure in heart wherever they are found?

Paul, "denounced by his Jewish brethren as a law breaker," and bitterly opposed, but ever zealous and resolute, achieved marvelous results in the religious work, and now, though for a long time kept in the background by the conformists and literalists of Christendom, he is coming into his own. It is not likely that all of the things he advocated will be approved and accepted by the modern world; but contemplation of his main contention that religion is a thing of the spirit rather than of the letter, and his

untiring zeal and achievements in spite of opposition and almost insuperable difficulties, ought to kindle a flame in our hearts the light and warmth of which would help to direct and cheer the world.

Such is my notion of the Unitarian conception of God. I have said nothing about the doctrines of the Trinity. Do I need to? The Infinite Reality of all that exists must be one, not three. I assert nothing about personality. Personality seems to me to apply to the individual, to that which is separated, integrated. With God there is no separation, no integration; "It is all God." If you can think of personality as belonging to this Reality back of all that exists, back of cosmic star-dust and suns and planets, back of mollusk and man, back of solid granite as truly as back of the subtle aspirations of a saint, well and good. I have said nothing about the wrath of God, the condemnation of man, the atoning blood,—all the orthodox doctrines which take their rise in that Jewish myth about Adam and Eve and the apple. Why should I? The Eternal Goodness never condemned anyone; the Infinite Love never felt wrath; the Absolute Justice demands no atoning blood, vicarious or other. God is the Absolute Wisdom and Justice; God is the Reality of all that is, within us and without.

I close with Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue":

A fire-mist and a planet,—
  A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it evolution,
  And others call it—God.

A haze on the far horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the corn-fields,
  And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
  The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it—God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts, high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean
  Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it—God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
  A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
And the millions, who, humble and nameless,
  The hard, strait pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
  And others call it—God.

The Man With the Hoe, From Another View-point

Millet held his greatest work to be "The Man with the Hoe." Painting with bailiffs actually in his house, he still refused to produce the conventional. He painted as he saw. But while "The Man with the Hoe" is the French peasant, as he is held down by autocracy, he is not what he appears in the great poem of Mr. Markham. "Behold," said Millet, "is he not on three legs? He has risen from four. He wishes to stand upon two. It is not that God has made him on two; he has to get there. I paint for you the man on the road." But Mr. Markham shows us the workman of civilization, not going up from the animal, but going down from what God made him. Such an interpretation of man and labor, especially of agricultural labor, at this time, puts the poem in alignment with that pessimism and explosive arraignment of social order in which sentimentalism strikes hand with brute force. Society must remember that "it is a short downhill road from errors in words to errors in things." Literature leads the way to God or the devil. I suggest an amendment to Mr. Markham's interpretation of Millet.

Lifted by toil of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the heavens;—
The glorious light of ages on his face.
Who made him rise above the earth and fate,
A man who grieves, but conquers grief with hope?
Who loosed his tongue to speak articulate?
Whose was the hand that fronted up his brow?
Who kindled truth's red torch within his brain?
Behold the man that God doth make and give
To have dominion over sea and land!
To trace the stars; and search the earth for power;
To make the seasons fertile to his will!
This is the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns,
And painted blue the firmament with light.
Through all the stretch of heaven, to its last throne,
There is no shape more glorious than his;
More eloquent of hate for sensual greed;
More 'lumined for the future's high demand.

What gulfs between him and the anthropoid;
Master of axe and plow! Behold for him
Shall yet speak Plato! of his loins the Christ!
Unless for him, the dawns would rift in vain;
The roses redden into thought;—the hills
Would hold their poems inarticulate.
Here is the upward looker! Slowly rising up,
Yet master of the earth, he turns the glebe,
And reaps rich harvest where the beast would starve.

Ho, carpers! doubters! agnostics! in all lands!
Can you not see God's hand-work here afield;
Here upward struggling ever from the clod?
How shall it be when whispering to the worlds
He calls "Our Father!" through the halls of heaven?
And God upon his brow shall write, Well done!
Over a few things victor thou shalt yet
Be king!—the secrets of the universe
Unfold!—until the last shall lay its scroll
Upon the palm of him who wields the hoe!

How doth the future beckon to this man!
How answer the unthinking brutal sneer,
Which finds the Maker absent from his work!
Which foretells riot and the passions' rule,
Instead of fateful evolution's work!
Lo, here the power that shall erelong exalt
All other power, all force, the dull red clod,
To serve man's wit, and wait upon his will!
He leans upon his hoe! and looks abroad
O'er realms God lifts him to subdue!

Behold how God doth work! Not in an hour;
But by a stroke that rings down all the eons!
All time is here, all struggles are rehearsed,
By which man rose from out the sea of hate,
And climbed the heights of all-revealing love,—
Where one sees God; and seeing God, himself.
Art-haunted Greece and Egypt, womb of love;
India, with brain, God-troubled, send here
Their deeds heroic and their marble dreams,
To find new birth! Here Thales, Socrates,
With Buddha and the Christ; and all that realm
That did a deathless deed, spoke living word!
He is the Word spoke down the ages vast!
No longer shameth God to say "My Son."

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The laws of nature are relentless. In the moral order as in the natural order all abuses must be paid for. The strain upon adolescent brains discounts their future.

MON.—Human justice is a feeble image of divine justice.

TUES.—Our souls must be ploughed and cultivated like the soil itself.

WED.—There is nothing solid and durable but that which is natural, and the natural thing in human policy is the family.

THURS.—The overflowing sense of the permanence of nature fills our hearts and stirs them deeply and we end by being conscious of God.

FRI.—The rector had cast nourishment before a soul hunted into secret despair, by giving to its repentance the form of a good and noble action.

SAT.—Who is there among those whose minds are cultivated, or whose hearts are wounded,, who can walk alone in the forest and the forest not speak to him?

—*Honore de Balzac in the Village Rector.*

Yaller Pup

Barney, the big policeman, picked up the limp body of the little yellow dog, and threw it over on the dump cart.

Poor little Yaller Pup! But had he lived in vain? I say no. For the sake of all the poor little dogs that are trying to live and be faithful in the great city, I say no.

It was warm, budding springtime, and every one was happy with every one else. Why couldn't someone think of Yaller Pup, when such a little thing would have made him happy, too?

He had been hungry all day, yes, and all the day before, and perhaps all the day before that, who knows? So, you see, just a bite to eat would have made him happy and, more than that, it would have made him stronger and warmer. He had pleaded *so* hard, with his soft brown eyes, at people's back doors, but, somehow, they didn't understand what he meant. *Of course*, it was because they didn't understand, for who of these worlds of happy people would have refused him wilfully? So he had found nothing to eat, and weak, almost hopeless, he slunk along the sidewalks, close to the road.

Just then, a little girl came running down the sidewalk towards him and, tightly clasped in her tiny hand, was a great buttered bun. It smelled like heaven to Yaller Pup. He stopped, he sniffed, he sat up and begged. *Oh*, how he *begged!* It seemed as though his very life depended on that bun—and truly it did. Then, at last, this small one, of all these happy people, understood, for the child, with a happy laugh, dropped it into his mouth. Oh, that bun! Just wouldn't he be this baby's dog forever?

She ran on, and Yaller Pup followed close. There's lots of life hidden under the brown crust of a buttered bun. Plenty, at least, to fill two soft eyes with springtime sparkles, and make one stubby tail wag joyously. She smiled at him often, and put her soft little hand on his head—once.

They were so happy together—she talking to him, and his great eyes answering, when all of a sudden, as they turned a corner quickly, something great and heavy came toward them, swayed a moment, and fell. It was a chest, being trundled on a two-wheeled cart by a man who was nearly senseless with drink. As it came toward them, the child stepped back, stumbled, and fell prone upon the curbing. As it swayed, she lay terror stricken and helpless. As it fell, Yaller Pup fell too, straight across the body of the child, his head protecting hers.

Then a great cloud passed over the sun—the sun of the Yaller Pup and the child. When the chest was lifted, she was found breathing jerkily, but surely. A tall man strode across the street, and picked her up. He held his face for a moment against hers. "She's all right," he said, and carried her away.

Barney, the big policeman, picked up the limp body of the little yellow dog, and threw it over on the dump cart.

Poor little Yaller Pup! But had his life been in vain?—*Story Awarded Honorable Mention in March Contest of Our Dumb Animals.*

Getting Along with Poor Tools

Every housekeeper knows the exasperation of exacting helpers. The washerwoman who must have a certain brand of soap, a particular "make" of bluing, a special and peculiar style of copper-bottomed boiler before she can get to work of a Monday morning; the dressmaker or sewing-woman who must have new, uncut goods to "slash into," and a full assortment of buttons and trimmings and "findings"; the cook who desires two or three kinds of flour and three or four kinds of sugar, and, in fine, a small grocery store in her pantry to "do with"—are not all these within the experience of the most forehanded among us? There is always something lacking with this style of worker.

In delightful contrast is the facultied assistant, who can get along with poor tools, or, to a degree, with none at all, resorting cheerfully to all sorts of ingenious makeshifts, and in the end turning out good work, consuming no more time in the process than the other with all her up-to-date appliances. For we must deduct from the first a certain amount of time spent in grumbling and waiting. The others use every moment in making progress. They not only "get along" with poor tools in the sense of putting up with them, but each hour manage to be appreciably nearer the goal of accomplishment.

There is hardly a more valuable point of training in the home than that of helping boys and girls to take pride in this knack of using what they have and making the best of it. It will go far to make them useful members of the working world. The girl who is by and by to be a stenographer will not plague her employer to have a special made-to-order desk or chair for her comfort, or a new and different machine for her convenience; the boy will find some way to get a good education, though he may have nothing but odd minutes and odd half hours to use in acquiring it. But it is a trait that has to be ingrained, both by precept and example, from the beginning. The best possible way is for the mother to make herself a daily object lesson of this truly cardinal virtue. The children, when they are old, will not depart from it.

—*Anna Burnham Bryant, in Zion's Herald.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

JUBILEE SERMONS.—An inspiring little volume of sermons is one that found its way to us from Geneva about the holidays, Sermons of the Calvin Jubilee, discourses by pastors from divers lands pronounced in the various protestant churches of Geneva, July fourth, 1909. There are seven of these sermons, six delivered on that first Sunday of Jubilee week, while the concluding one, by Pastor Charles Wagner, was delivered in the cathedral of St. Peter on the Sunday immediately following the formal celebrations.

In the opening discourse on "Calvin, the Modern Moses," Rev. Henry Berger, dean of the pastors of the parish of St. Peter, took as text passages from Deuteronomy 32 and 34 regarding Moses's sight of the Promised Land, and Hebrews 11, 27. "Brothers of many tongues and divers countries," he said, "we feel with one accord that the first words that rise from this assembly today should be, 'Glory to God!'

"We pronounce it in all our languages, we proclaim it with a single heart: 'Glory to the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob! Glory to the God of Luther, of Zwingli, of Knox, and of Calvin, because in him our dead are living!'"

Taking the legend of the Emperor Barbarossa as a suggestive illustration, the speaker said that there are periods of a generation, a century, or it may be more, when our great leaders and heroes seem dead but are only sleeping; on occasion they awake, arise, and show themselves still a living power. Such an occasion was the Luther jubilee of of a quarter century ago and such the present Calvin reawakening.

Calvin did for a part of the modern world what Moses did for the primitive religious world. A single leader sufficed for the little Jewish tribes, but several were needed for the modern world. Calvin was one of these and doubtless the most universal. He not only led his people out of Egypt, he led them through the desert. He was able to do this through his intense realization of the presence of God, his oneness with the Absolute.

Pastor J. E. Roberty, of the Oratoire, Paris, preached at the church of Saint Gervais on the Reformed Soul, taking as his text Matt. 16:26. Those among us who heard this distinguished pulpit orator in his fervid discourse at the opening of the Liberal Congress at Geneva in 1905, can imagine the eloquence and force with which he expounded his text, making "soul" synonymous with life, declaring that churches, cities, nations, as well as individuals, have souls that may be lost, and pointing out the danger from exclusive devotion to science. "In what am I better," he cried, "because I can speak from here to New York?" The telephone transmits a lie just as readily as the truth, and a call for the doctor no more readily than the false report, which causes a panic in the financial world that ruins hundreds. The distance to which a human voice can carry is less important—however useful it may be—than the quality of soul of the man who speaks and the nature of what he has to say. Was it really science that created the great Calvinist characters, Calvin Theodore Beza, William of Orange, Cromwell? which formed the soul of the Puritan democracy, the soul of the republic of Geneva?"

"Another danger to the soul lies in the economic prosperity of the protestant nations, the very wealth of the Reformed. The true interests of a people or of a man are quite other and it was long the honor of the Reform to have practically recalled this to humanity."

This eloquent peroration must close my excerpts for this time.

"Reformed parents, watch over the souls of your children! Watch yourselves! . . . If you would avoid the revolutions which may come, be earnest. . . . Practice justice at home and abroad; love science, to be sure labor for the welfare of your families, but love above all, purity, generosity, simplicity, and walk not haughtily, but humbly with your God. Make for us, in our respective countries, a more and more *national* religion, which will not exhaust its energies in the quarrel between believers and Atheists, Protestants and Catholics, but which demands that justice shall be done the poor, that integrity and good will shall characterize our relations one with another, and the relations of our countries with other people, civilized or savage; a national religion which never separates the worship of family and country from the worship of the true God, which strives to place the Protestant nations in the van of the noblest demands of the Christian conscience, and to destroy in society, high or low, everything which injures the physical and moral health of the human race.

"Such is the appeal which the old prophets of Israel made in their day to their own people, which Jesus Christ broadened and addressed to all humanity; such is also the supplication which, not theology, nor political and social ideas, but the soul of the old Calvinist Reform addresses to modern Calvinists."

M. E. H.

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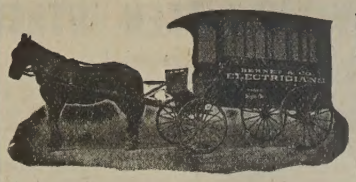

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